

A Peazlee Souvenir

Occasional Poems
and
Sacred Songs



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A Peaslee Souvenir

Occasional Verses and Sacred Songs

BY

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for the Celebration of Arbor-day."

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

REUBEN PEASLEE

MARSHALL B. PEASLEE

REV. WM. CAREY SHEPPARD

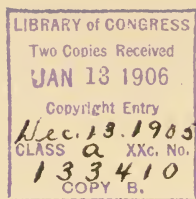
MRS. ANNIE (WILKISON) PEASLEE

AND

PROF. EDWARD S. PEASLEE



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See last paragraph in Preface.

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DEDICATION

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE CITIZENS OF PLAISTOW, ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, THE BIRTHPLACE AND HOME OF THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF ALL WHOSE VERSES APPEAR IN THIS VOLUME, EXCEPT MRS. ANNIE (WILKINSON) PEASLEE, WHO WAS BORN NEAR MORRISTOWN, N. J., BUT WAS FOR YEARS A RESIDENT OF PLAISTOW.

PREFACE

For years I resisted the frequent importunities of near relatives and intimate friends to publish in book form the verses I had written from time to time. It often occurred to me that perhaps it might be a pleasant thing to publish a Peaslee souvenir containing verses written by different members of the family, a number of whom are more gifted in writing verse than I. Finally I decided to do so by the publication of this little book which contains, besides verses of my own, those of the following persons :

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER, Haverhill, Mass., my oldest sister.

MR. REUBEN PEASLEE, my revered father.

MR. MARSHALL BELL PEASLEE, attorney-at-law, Cincinnati, Ohio, my youngest brother.

REV. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Vancouvers, Washington, the husband of my youngest sister, Anna.

MRS. ANNIE (WILKISON) PEASLEE, wife of my oldest brother, Joab Peaslee, of Plaistow, N. H.

PROF. EDWARD S. PEASLEE, Principal Kirby Road School, Cincinnati, O., my cousin, son of my uncle James E. Peaslee.

This book has been copyrighted, not, however, for the purpose of protecting its contents, but for other reasons. If any one desire to make use of any of the pieces contained in this volume, he is hereby given full privilege of doing so; indeed, I shall be glad if some of these verses find a wider field of usefulness than is possible while contained between the covers of this book.

JOHN B. PEASLEE.

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Occasional Poems

ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND¹

ON THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH

THROUGH years of youth you longed to see
This manhood day of life:
O that the future years might be
As free from care and strife!

With manhood, cares and trials come,
And griefs accumulate;
And this has been since birth of man
The universal fate.

But when to you misfortunes come,
Bear them with royal will;
Yield not though they severe may be,
Assert your manhood still!

The pious faith of fellow-man
Ne'er ridicule, dear friend;
For noble life and happiness,
May on that faith depend.

We walk in darkness here below;
Then scoff not nor condemn—
Man's trust in God and future life
The flood will often stem.

Your principles to policy
Ne'er sacrifice, dear friend;
If thus you do, you will but rue
Your action in the end.

And you will lose that self-respect,—
That purity of heart,
With which a man of sterling worth
Can ne'er afford to part.

Besides, dear Fred, you 'll sacrifice
Opinions good of friends;
For character once lost and gone
One ne'er can make amends.

No motto is more clearly true—
Go, carry it about—
Than word in sacred Scripture found.
Man's sins will find him out.

Be true, be honest, and be just,
Sincere, until the end,
Then surely you will nothing do
Your friends can not defend.

Then can you view a life well-spent,
A life both pure and true,
The best of earth's inheritance
For those who follow you.

May full returns of natal day,
Be yours on earth below;
And faithful friends and relatives
On you their love bestow!

And may you then lie down at last,
When scenes of time are o'er,
In happy, and consoling trust—
In life for evermore!

THE SCHOOL FLAG.

WE should endeavor to inspire the youth of our country with patriotism—with a fervent and abiding love of the free institutions of America, and of the flag of the grandest Nation that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man.

From every schoolhouse in the land,

O let the flag of Union wave,
And float aloft on every breeze,

Above the heads of children brave!
From Northern bound to Southern gulf,
From Eastern strand to Western shore,
Unite around that dear old flag
The hearts of children, evermore.

Inspire Columbia's gallant youth
With fervor for their native land,
That when they reach man's proud estate,
They 'll nobly by her colors stand,
And guard her safe from every foe
Of equal rights and freedom's cause;
And keep for aye, inviolate,
Her Constitution and her laws.

CHORUS.

Unfurl on high that banner bright,
Fond emblem of our country's glory,
And teach the children of our land
Its grand and wondrous story:
Of how, in early times, it waved
High o'er the Continentals brave,
Who fought and made this country free—
The *one* true home of liberty.

THE HEROES WHO REST:

AN ODE FOR DECORATION-DAY

TUNE—"Portuguese Hymn."

THE heroes who rest in their valiancy here
Shall e'er be enshrined in our memories dear;
They volunteered all for our country's true cause,
And fell on the field while defending her laws.

Their names are enrolled in the lists of the brave,
Who fought for the Union, our Nation to save;
The cause that they fought for, the rights they
maintained,
Shall aye through the ages be proudly proclaimed.

Their valor shall be, to the youth of our land,
Incentive for freedom and Union to stand.
In honor of them, as the years roll around,
We 'll garland with flowers each hallowed mound.

Thus honoring them, we anew consecrate
Our lives and our fortunes to Nation and State,
And show ourselves worthy to ever be free—
The sons and the daughters of sweet Liberty.

ADOLPH STRAUCH⁴

GREAT gard'ner of the West,
By thy consummate art
A graveyard, cold and drear,
Was changed into a park.

Spring Grove's thy monument,
Most beautiful of earth,
Thy marv'lous talents gave
Its wondrous beauty birth.

Thou, true to nature formed
 Its vistas, groups of trees,
Its grottoes, knolls, and dells,
 Bright streams and mimic seas.

Park cemeteries are
 Original with thee;
Where'er their scen'ries charm
 Thy monuments shall be.

Thy teacher, Nature was;
 Thy implements, her trees,
Her grass and vines and shrubs;
 All living plants that please.

Thy work was not confined
 To "cities of the dead;"
In other landscape scenes
 Thy master mind is read.

Marks of thy skill abound
 In Eden's sylvan groves,
On Clifton's leafy heights
 Where'er the Rambler roves.

The people of our land,
 And hosts beyond the sea,
Owe debts of gratitude,
 Great Nature's child, to thee.

Forsaken, cursed, despised,
 When thou, O Strauch, began
To make an Eden fair
 This sepulcher of man,

Thy name's now graven on
 Our city's honor scroll,
To shine forever bright
 On that immortal roll.

IN MEMORIAM^s

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE CHARLES REEMELIN

HE rests. And what know ye of death? That
form,

The clay man, whom ye knew is all that lies
Within the silent tomb—beyond the storm,
Beyond the glittering stars; where mystic dyes
Blend with the evening skies, his spirit roams
Where many mansions be, and many homes.

Philosopher and sage, replete in years—

The stalwart champion of the truth—he stood;
For worth admired, a chief among his peers,

A builder he for human weal and good,
Firm as the hills of his adopted land
Did he in State and City Council stand.

Ohio's constitution, bold in thought,
Reflects his wisdom, and in word and plan
It shows us where a master-mind has wrought
An ideal of the brotherhood of man—
And better that than granite shaft for him,
For storms in time make granite shafts grow dim.

The Boys' Industrial School lay near his heart,
Among the Hocking hills they bless his name;
The wayward one reclaimed, who makes a start
For better living adds but to his fame.
He's great who leaves his impress on the State,
And Reemelin was a man most truly great..

So, when the clay man sank to rest, the soul
Of Reemelin took its flight, and who shall say
What his reward was, or his final goal?

But judging from the smile that seemed to play
Upon his face, we cry with one accord:
"Well done," must have been whispered by his
Lord.

BREVIA

THERE 's but a step 'twixt life and death,^s
There 's but a smile—a tear,
There 's but a thought, there 's but a breath—
Eternity is here.

'T is the cement of Love that binds
All virtues firm together.
'T is love that braves and knows no fear
In every kind of weather.
Honor, justice, truth—all these
Are born of love, and ever—
The incentive powers that
Move us to high endeavor.

PLANT beautiful trees
In name of those
Whose memory you revere.
More beautiful still
Will they become
With each revolving year.

The "old mill pond," Kenoza Lake,
And woods of Brandy-brow,
The favored haunts of boyhood days,
Are dear to memory now.

THAT CITY FLAG'

THE fad was a-growing,
Friends were a-crowing

Over its worth.

But judges a-doubting,
Set some a-shouting

Who said :

Of value dearth.

But soon reassembling,
The judges a-trembling
Made the award.

The people a-seeing
The thing in being,
 Condemned
With one accord.

It near "died a-borning"
The self-same morning
 That gave it birth;
Soon went a-shimmering,
Faint a-glimmering,
 Unwept
From off the earth.

Friends, do n't go a-groaning,
Nor get a-moaning;
 Heave not a sigh,
For the "Star-spangled Banner"
In worthy manner
 Is still
A-waving high.

IN MEMORIAM

TO MY WIFE⁸

MY dearest one, you left me here,
One weary year ago;
The tears of love that then broke forth
Have never ceased to flow.

Yes, dearest one, you left me here—
Sad, weary, and alone;
No honors that the world can give
Can for thy loss atone.

My depth of grief no one can know
But Him who dwells above,
Who holds and keeps and blesses thee
In His eternal love.

To-day I come, with saddened heart,
But to commune with thee;
To strew sweet flowers o'er thy grave,
And thee, in spirit, see.

O, couldst thou call me to thyself
I'd give my life—my all;
But I must wait while o'er my way
Thy blessings gently fall.

And when beside thy lowly grave
I come to weep alone,
I feel I'm nearer, love, to thee
And to my Father's throne.

Sacred Songs

CONVERTED TO JESUS

TUNE—"Portuguese Hymn."

CONVERTED to Jesus! O blessed the day,
When darkness and doubting were banished away,
When joy in a New Life of Faith was begun
In works of devotion to God and His Son.

Converted to Jesus! O precious the thought,
Obeying the Truth that our Savior has taught,
Of following Him who alone can us save,
In land of immortals beyond the dark grave.

Converted to Jesus! O wondrous the Love
That centers our hopes on the Kingdom above,
And opens the way to that Heavenly home,
Whence ransomed from sin we shall nevermore
 roam.

Converted to Jesus! O marv'lous the deed,
Redemption through Christ of poor mortals in
 need;
Salvation is free and is offered to all
Who, trusting His promise, on Jesus shall call.

THE PRECIOUS MINE⁹

TUNE—"Dundee."

THE Bible is a precious mine,
Rich veins in ev'ry part;
The way to strike its sacred veins,
Is through a contrite heart.

The treasures God hath stored therein,
More precious are than gold,
Or riches of all earthly mines,
More dear, a thousand fold.

Come, sinner, join God's toilers here,
And work this blessed mine,
And all the treasures found within,
Shall be forever thine.

The Holy Spirit, Heavenly Light,
Illumes each Bible lode,
And Christ each faithful toiler brings
To His divine abode.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE¹⁰

IN all life's cares and sorrows,
One hope illumines my breast;
The faith I 'll joy forever,
With Christ in hallowed rest;

That He will meet me yonder,
All wreathed in smiles of love,
And take me to the mansion
Prepared for me above.

I'll know no care nor sorrow
When in that land of bliss;
For I shall have beside me
The Lord I love in this.

How sweet, and O how precious
Is faith in Christ, our Lord,
Who grants to all salvation
That trust His sacred Word!

MANSIONS ABOVE¹¹

TUNE—"Seeking for Me," BY BLISS.

OVER the river to the beautiful shore,
"Christian" safe passed to the life evermore;
Jesus, "The Shepherd Good," guided him there,
Safe in His care.

REFRAIN—Safe in His care, His care;
Safe in His care, His care;
Jesus, "The Shepherd Good," guided him there,
Safe in His care, His care.

Ransomed by grace of our Father above,
Sharing the bliss of ineffable love.

“City of God” will he ever enjoy;

Ever enjoy, enjoy.

REFRAIN—Ever enjoy, enjoy;

Ever enjoy, enjoy;

“City of God” will he ever enjoy,

Ever enjoy, enjoy.

Come, let us follow in “Christian’s” safe lead,

Worship the Lord in true spirit and deed;

Then shall we have, in that City of Love,

Mansions above, above.

REFRAIN—Mansions above, above;

Mansions above, above;

Then shall we have, in that City of Love,

Mansions above, above.

BEAUTIFUL SHORE

MANY are they on that beautiful shore,
Pilgrims at rest in the life evermore;
Jesus, the Pilot true, guided them there,
Safe in the barque that is under his care.

CHORUS.

Beautiful shore!

Beautiful shore!

Mansions above on that beautiful shore.

Ransomed by grace of our Father above,
Sharing the bliss of ineffable Love;
“City of God” will they ever enjoy,
Freed from all care and from sorrow’s annoy.

Come, let us follow them, safe is their lead,
Worship the Lord, in true spirit and deed;
Then shall we have, when this life is no more,
Mansions above on that beautiful shore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAITH

TUNE—"There is a Fountain," BY LOWELL MASON.

For all the world I would not lose
My faith in Thee, O Lord;
For all the world I would not part,
With Jesus and thy Word.
For all the world I would not live
Rebellious to thy will;
Though all mankind should Thee forsake,
I'll bide with Jesus still.

For when my parting hour shall come,
I know Thou'lt take me home,
To dwell among Thy sainted host,
Near to Thy gracious throne;
And when this world is wrecked in years,
My spirit made divine,
"Shall flourish in immortal youth"
Beyond the bounds of time.

PRECIOUS WORDS

COME unto me, the Lord hath said,
And I will give you rest.
O mortal, heed Christ's precious words,
And be forever blest!

REFRAIN.

Precious words! precious words!
O mortal, heed Christ's precious words,
And be forever blest!

My yoke is easy, burden light,
My guerdon, lasting bliss;
Wilt thou his precious words neglect
And joys of heaven miss?

Wilt thou His invitation slight
For whom on earth he came,
To save from all-consuming sin
And pardon in His name?

Wilt thou the very daylight burn
And live in darkness here,
When God hath sent His only Son
To lighten and to cheer?

IN THINE OWN WAY

TUNE—"Anvern," BY LOWELL MASON.

WE walk in darkness here below,
'T is sin, O Lord, that makes it so;
O wash away our sins, we pray,
And make the darkness bright as day.

In thine own way we long to come,
In thine own time prepare for home;
Thy Gospel points the way to take,
And we will follow for Thy sake.

Impart to us Thy love divine,
That all we are may, Lord, be thine;
Create in us a spirit pure
That we may love Thee more and more.

So shall we joy in Thee above,
Where all is restful, all is love;
Where naught is wrong, but all is right,
And ev'ry thought a pure delight.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

MATTHEW XIX, 14 ; XVIII, 1 AND 2 ; XIII, 45.

SUFFER little children to come unto me,¹²

For of such is the kingdom of heaven,
And forbid them not, are the words of the Lord,
That on earth to disciples were given.

In their midst, our Savior a little child sat,
And except ye, he said, be forgiven,
And as little children become, ye shall not
Enter into the kingdom of heaven.

We will teach in light of these God-given words
Little children Christ's love and His power,
That they may not lose while advancing in years,
Jesus' blessing on life's early hour.

May they keep the beautiful mandates of Christ,
Ever follow His will and His pleasure!
In the faith they'll find the Lord's kingdom above,
That one pearl of great price as their treasure.

WE REAP AS WE SOW

TUNE—"Coronation," BY HOLDEN.

OUR mortal hour will soon be here,
We can not tarry long;
Our souls will in another sphere,
For evermore live on.

What that immortal sphere shall be
Our faith and works will show;
For in the life to come we reap
Just as on earth we sow.

If we but sow the seeds of love
And trust in Thee, O Lord,
So shall we reap in lasting bliss
The harvest of reward.

THE GATES AJAR¹³

TUNE—"The Pearl of Great Price," BLISS.

Beyond the stars, at gates ajar,
My Savior waits for me;
May I prepare to meet Him there,
To joy eternally!

REFRAIN.

Beyond the stars, at gates ajar,
My Savior waits for me—
And there beyond, at gates ajar,
He also waits for thee.

From His high throne beyond the stars
He bends him down in love ;
To pardon all who on Him call,
To fit them for above.

And then, at last, beyond the stars,
We'll find our home, and there,
In sweet accord, we'll serve the Lord
His love and life we'll share.

Poems

BY

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER,
MR. REUBEN PEASLEE,
MR. MARSHALL B. PEASLEE,
REV. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD,
MRS. ANNIE (WILKISON) PEASLEE,

AND

PROF. EDWARD S. PEASLEE

MEMORY

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

THE flowers that blossom in the spring
May wither in a day;
The friends we love in early youth,
Like them, soon fade away.
But every spring the buds revive,
And with flowers deck the plain;
So memory, the spring of life,
Brings back our youth again.

As in the midst of winter's gloom
 We hail the tiny flower,
So in the winter of our life,
 When dreary grows the hour,
We hail with joy each tiny bud
 That bursts from memory's wreath,
And bids us smile, nor dare to think
 This world a barren heath.

The fire is blazing on the hearth,
 As in the days of yore;
And 'mid glad scenes of joy and mirth,
 Our dear ones live once more.
We sing again the olden song
 We have not sung for years;
And as the sweet notes we prolong,
 We wake to silent tears;

Yet know 'tis but in memory
 We meet—for they have fled—

They whom we most would wish to see

Have long—long years been dead.

O, happy scenes of bygone days!

Your charms I still revere!

And deep within my heart give praise

To memories ever dear.

BABY IS KING

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

Rock-A-BYE baby! This is the lay
Zephyrs are wafting over the way.
Little one, Hark you! God help me to be
All he intended, and more, unto thee.
Rock-a-bye baby! Help mother to sing,
You are her sweetheart—her baby and king!

Rock-a-bye baby! Softly I pray
Heaven to help me to point out the way,
Guide you and keep you, my own little one,
Safe from all harm till life's battle be done.
Rock-a-bye baby! Help mother to sing,
You are her sweetheart—her baby and king.

Rock-a-bye baby! Nothing to fear;
No one will harm you for mother is near;
Sleeping so sweetly, ah! what would I do,
Darling, were angels to beckon for you?
Rock-a-bye baby! Help mother to sing,
You are her sweetheart—her baby and king.

Rock-a-bye baby! Father in heaven,
Spare me the lesson of “lent, but not given.”
Leave me my baby boy—leave him with me;
Help me to bring him, my Savior, to Thee!
Rock-a-bye baby! Help mother to sing,
You are her sweetheart—her baby and king.

UNDER THE SNOW

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

AWAY with the vision !
My spirit would weave
No dreams of elysian
On this Christmas eve ;
The fond hopes I cherished
But one year ago
Have cruelly perished—
Out, under the snow.

The eyes that beamed brightest,
 Their fires have fled ;
The heart that beat lightest
 Is pulseless and dead ;
The smile that I needed,
 The notes sweet and low,
Of counsel I heeded—
 Lie under the snow.

My spirit is broken
 By death's awful power ;
No words can be spoken
 To brighten the hour ;
A grave they have made him,
 He knows naught of woe,
And calmly they 've laid him—
 Out, under the snow.

Who say that they care not?
 When cold is the breath,—

They know not and share not
The ruins of death.
Their lives are not shaded,
They 've felt not the blow
Where bright hopes have faded—
Out, under the snow.

Joy 's left me forever,
This world is so cold;
On earth I will never
My loved ones behold;
But why all this weeping?
What reck's all this woe?
There is peace for the sleeping—
Out, under the snow.

“ONLY LENT NOT GIVEN”

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

ALONE! It was but yesterday
 She sat upon my knee,
And every corner of the house
 Echoed her childish glee.
Alone! And I had called her mine
 Until one April even;
I felt within my heart a sign,
 'T was, “Only lent, not given.”

I'd often in a careless way
Fretted o'er broken toys,
And I had wished that very day
She'd play without a noise.
I little thought at night to kneel
So close the gates of heaven,
Where death stood waiting to reveal,
The "Only lent, not given."

She waked not at the morrow's dawn
Though brightly beamed the sun;
Her soul to fairer worlds had gone
Ere this was scarce begun.
I can not tell you why or how
Earth's dearest ties are riven;
I've *simply learned* that hearts *must bow*
To "Only lent, not given."

FAITH

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER ¹⁴

FAITH is the key that unlocks the door
To mansions built above,
The barque that safely bears us o'er
To realms of endless love.
It is the beacon-light that streams
Far down life's thorny way,
With rays of hope it brightly beams
Throughout the darkest day.

Faith is the hinge on which the gate
'Twixt life and death is swinging;
Creating love that conquers hate,
It sets our hearts to singing.

When hard against life's rugged shore
Our hopes are rudely driven,
Its voice pleads, Live, live on once more—
Thy sins shall be forgiven.

Faith is the touch of angel hands
We feel, but never see;
That guides us through the unknown lands
Of death's dark mystery.
A rainbow in our hearts it lies;
By it we're made to see
A reflex of God's paradise—
Life's crown—death's victory.

IF YOU ASK HIM WHILE BELIEVING

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

He will help you with life's lessons of to-day,
Help you treasure up the blessings on your way.

He will bear your cares and crosses,
Lighten all your griefs and losses
So that sunshine and not shadow
Shall around your pathway play.

REFRAIN.

If you ask Him while believing,
If you love Him every day?
A bright crown of life you 're weaving,
That shall be your own for aye.

He will help you care for others day by day,
 Help you guide the erring brothers on their way;
 Help you with the "old, old story
 Of your Father's home in glory."
 When you're weary, give you courage;
 When you're troubled, help you pray.

He will help you do your duty day by day,
 Making life one line of beauty all the way;
 He will help you love the Giver,
 Follow in His teachings ever,
 So a crown for you'll be waiting
 That will last from aye to aye.

OVER AGAIN

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

OVER again, over again,
Who would not live life over again?
If only to right the things that were wrong,
To making of this life a beautiful song;
Guarding the thoughts that would brighten
the gloom,
As from the cradle we haste to the tomb.

Over again, over again,
Who would not live life over again?
If just for a heart as pure and as free
As when we knelt down at mother's dear knee,
Lisping our first prayers and feeling the joy
Born of child-faith and untouched by alloy.

Over again, over again,
Ah! who would live life over again?
A smile and a tear, a word and a sigh,
When ready to live—the time comes to die.
Ah, it would be a most cruel refrain
Could we but live our lives over again!

DOWN BY THE BARS

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

FOND Memory, abide with me
A little while I pray ;
Just take me back to where I was
One year ago to-day.

Down by the bars 'neath twinkling stars
I did not woo in vain,
The story 's old, but it was told
Again, and yet again.

I called her mine long ere that time,
Yet thought she ne'er might be;
I had no way by which to say
My love remembered me.

I could not tell of that sweet spell,
When life is so divine;
Nor would I miss love's first fond kiss,
Tho' all the world be mine.

One year ago, how could I know
That such my fate would be?
Beyond the stars, at gates ajar,
My love now waits for me.

'NEATH THE MAPLE-TREE

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

THERE were four little boys 'neath the maple-tree,¹⁰
Just as merry as boys can be :
They were John and Joe and Will and Dan—
Whistling and shouting as only boys can ;
Down in the meadow, over the hill ;
Now in the brook that runs by the mill ;
Watching the nest that the mother-bird leaves ;
Out on the barn, hanging over the eaves ;
Frightening the squirrels, chasing the bee ;
Playing jacks 'neath the shade of the maple-tree.

There were four little boys by a mother's knee,
Just as tired as boys can be :
With half-spoken words their prayers are said ;
With a single bound they are snug in bed.
Four curly heads on pillows of white ;
Four childish voices shout, " Mother, good-night !"
The angel of sleep hushes all of the noise ;
The mother-voice murmurs, " O God, keep my
 boys !"
And an echo low of " And so may it be !"
Comes back through the leaves of the old maple-
 tree.

There are four empty seats 'neath the maple-
 tree,
Worn and battered as they can be.
With cold, gray moss, Time has mottled them
 o'er ;
But the four little boys—we see them no more.

Gone ! for the world has claimed four earnest men.
Needed were they, yet the time will come when
They 'll care not for riches, for fame, or for
power—

They 'll wish for their child-faith just for an hour,
When they were as happy as happy could be,
Under the shade of the old maple-tree.

LIFE AND THE SEASONS

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER.

SPRING is childhood's happy span

As pure as it is brief;

Summer crowns the boy a man;

While autumn turns the leaf

Writ upon whose fading page

Is Winter—Winter and Old age!

Springtime calls for buds and flowers:

Summer basks in golden hours;

Autumn rolls in ripening sheaves;

Winter gleans what autumn leaves;

While the Reaper Death spares neither friend
nor foe—

He lays life and the seasons low.

TO MEET WITH OUR DEAD

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

THE way it is dark;
But God rules above:
He governs our barque
With infinite love;
And if it be sunshine
Or clouds overhead,
It is pleasure divine
To meet with our dead.

Then why are we sad?

To all He gives rest,

The heart shall grow glad

In the land of the blest.

It is Life, and not death,

The good angels shed,

When they silence the breath

To meet with our dead.

DECORATION DAY

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

STREW the graves with lovely flowers,
 Strew them where the heroes sleep;
Lightly tread, the spot is hallowed,
 Angels here their vigils keep.

Heard you not the cry of battle
 As it sounded through the land?
Saw you not the starry banner
 Borne by our most noble band?

But, alas! that band was shattered—
Some sleep 'neath the Southern sod,
Far away from scenes of childhood,
But their spirits are with God.

Others rest here, where the loved ones
Oft can go at set of sun,
Strewing flowers in sweet remembrance
Of the many deeds they 've done.

Those that far away are sleeping,
Will no loved hand mark the spot?
Leave but one—one little flower,
Just to know they 're not forgot.

Strew the flowers, the lovely flowers,
Strew them where the heroes sleep;
Lightly tread, the spot is hallowed,
Angels here their vigils keep.

TEARS

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

WHAT 's a tear?—It is a treasure
That lies deep in every pleasure,
Buried now neath mirth and laughter,
To come back some moment after.
Tears are gathered 'mid bright hours,
Like the dewdrops from the flowers—
To descend, like dews of Heaven,
In the dusky shades of even.

From this day's dark clouds of sorrow
Tears may fall; but on the morrow
Every heart must cease repining,
For the sun will then be shining.
O, the Tears! so pure and holy,
Shed by Him, the meek and lowly,
When upon the Cross He gave us—
Life itself—that He might save us!

DRIFTWOOD SKETCHES

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

SITTING by the fireside,
 Rocking to and fro;
While the dusky shadows
 Slowly come and go—

Bringing back life's pictures,
 Till the hours grow late,
Sketched on bits of driftwood
 By the hand of fate.

Some are gems from childhood—
 Some are just a blot;
Other time-worn sketches
 I had 'most forgot.

One there is, my darling
 (Of a twilight gray),
When you told love's story
 In your own sweet way.

Loving arms about me,
 Dear lips pressed to mine;
Dark eyes beaming softly
 With love's countersign.

Sitting by the fireside—
 Embers burning low—
Then my driftwood sketches
 Ever come and go.

Charming bits of color,
 Gleaming here and there,
Show these lifelong pictures
 Had a Master's care.

THE CHURCH BELLS

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

LOUD and clear the bells are ringing,
 Calling us to church to-day;
While their mission they are telling
 Thousands wend the heavenward way,
And the bells keep ringing, ringing,
 Yet my spirit answers "Nay."

Gently now the bells are ringing
 Out their music, sweet and low;
Though I listen to their pleading,
 Still my spirit answers "No."
And the bells keep ringing, ringing,
 In the church tower, sweet and low.

Sadly now the bells are tolling

Evermore, "It is too late;"

Quickly now my spirit answers,

"I am coming—only wait!"

But the bells keep tolling, tolling,

Evermore, "*It is too late!*"

SENTINELS OF SUMMER

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

I do not mark the seasons as they come ;

But when

The arbutus blooms in the woods, I see,

The violet and pale anemone,—

Then

Do I know how soon, 'mid sun and showers,

I'll hail again the gladsome summer hours.

I do not mark the seasons as they go;

But when

I see the waysides, edged with golden-rod,

The cardinal flowers in misty lowlands nod,—

Then

Do I know how swift time hastens on:

Again the flowers bloom that tell of summer
gone.

A KNOT IN FRIENDSHIP

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

OUT from many countless paths that cross life's
weary, tangled way,
With their burdens close about them, two sad
hearts have met this day;
It was only for one moment, still the brightness
must remain,
For they tied a Knot in Friendship, that can never
break in twain.

Somewhere in the misty future they may meet as
now they part,
While a wreath of tender memories shall entwine
about each heart;
As they pass through life's brief changes, cheered
by smiles or damped by tears,
They shall keep this Knot in Friendship, as a
pledge of other years.

Should they heedless grow of duty; should they
trust alone in fate;
Still they know life's paths are many—at the end
there's but one gate
Where they'll meet when all is over—at the setting
of the sun—
With this simple Knot in Friendship—dearest
guerdon life has won.

“DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR”

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

WHEN the days grow hot and dusty,
As the sun comes scorching down;
When my books seem dry and musty,
Then I long to leave the town.
Yes, I long to leave the town, when the sun comes
scorching down,
And I long to roam unfettered 'mid my native hills
once more;
Resting 'neath the tall pine trees,
Fanned by every mountain breeze,
And to live my school days over in old “District
Number Four.”

In my dreams I see it ever,
The old schoolhouse 'neath the hill;
I can see the fields and meadows
Where we wandered at our will—
Where we wandered at our will, by the schoolhouse
'neath the hill,
And I see our dear old master, as he stands within
the door;
And I catch his awful frown,
As he brings the birch-rod down
On some truant little urchin in old "District Num-
ber Four."

Though he was so stern on duty,
Yet his heart was good as gold;
Out of school these roguish urchins
All their troubles to him told.
Yes, their troubles all were told to the master
grave and old,

For they knew a loving heart beat—beat beneath
the mask he wore;
But no more may he be seen,
For the grass is growing green
On the grave of our dear master in old "District
Number Four."

Years may bring us added laurels,
With a pleasure for each pain;
But I'd rather have the sunshine
Of my happy youth again;
Yes, my happy youth again, with its brief, un-
clouded reign,
I would throw life's scepter down—down to live
those dear days o'er;
When I roamed a careless boy,
With a heart brimful of joy,
'Mid the hills of dear New Hampshire, in old "Dis-
trict Number Four."

FREEDMAN'S LAMENT ON DEATH OF LINCOLN

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

RING out, ye bells, your saddest strains,
While we who once were bound in chains
Weep over all that now remains
 Of him—our noblest friend.
And tho' his pilgrimage be o'er,
And he has reached the unknown shore,
His deeds shall live for evermore
 Our rights still to defend.

He never strove for wealth or fame;
He only asked for Honor's name;
Justice and right were his sole aim
 E'en to his latest breath.

Then weep for him ; there ne'er can be
A truer friend to you and me
Than this great son of Liberty
 Who sleeps the sleep of death.

And while we now a tribute pay
To this good man who 's passed away,
O let us kneel to God and pray
 That he is truly blessed.
That he who consecrated years
To right our wrongs, to calm our fears,
Has found beyond this vale of Tears
 A never-failing rest.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

Go FORTH in the world ! Thou art needed.
Let thy watchwords be honor and love :
Let the storms of this life pass unheeded—
There 's a rest that awaits thee above ;
Go forth in thy youth ! 'T is the hour
When the heart is unfettered and free ;
And yield thy whole soul to the Power
That shall make an immortal of thee !

MERRIMACK RIVER

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

AMONG New Hampshire's granite hills
Its waters glide along ;
Perchance one might not notice it,
But yet I love its song.

I love it for the happy days
That come no more to me ;
When oft beside those mossy banks
I strayed in childish glee,

While in and out, mid brakes and ferns,
I watched its waters gleam ;
And wondered how the clouds so high,
Were mirrored in the stream.

'T was just below the meadow bend,
My favorite flowers grew ;
The lily and the painted cup,
The violets, white and blue.

Amid the forests dark and deep
It finds its lonely way ;
And calmly o'er its pebbly bed,
Flows on from day to day.

It winds down through the Old Bay State,
On, onward to the sea—
My mountain stream, my Merrimack ;
Forever dear to me.

Then flow, flow on my mountain stream,
Flow merrily along,
And sing as in the days of old,
My childhood's happy song.

CHARITY FOR ALL MANKIND

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

THIS simple rule is what we need .
To guide our inmost thought and deed ;
And teach us what to do and say
While hast'ning o'er life's rugged way.
And should we in our neighbor's ways
See more to censure than to praise,
'T is better far to think him good.
If we but only understood—
Remember 't is a narrow mind,
That makes one groove for all mankind.

Do n't think that we must have the say,
Of what our brother does each day;
Or that we need a tenderer care,
Because we have more hours for prayer;
Than he who toils from sun to sun
If cheerfully his task be done.
And if he shields his brother man,
And helps him ev'ry way he can,
He doeth well, and he will find
God's greatest love is for mankind.

Do n't think to save the lives of men,
By reaching out beyond life's ken—
Or God has but a chosen few
That he gives all his blessings to;
Or that we have the right to weigh
The thoughts He's molded into clay;
'Tis ours to help the weak along,
Nor judge if he be right or wrong—
The simple rule for us to mind
Is charity for all mankind.

BY KENOZA'S WOODED SHORE¹⁴

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

WHEN the sun o'er yonder hilltops sheds a last
bright, lingering ray,
And the shades of evening gather, telling of the
close of day;
When the dusky twilight shimmers with its weird
and mystic air,
Wraps its mantle gently 'round us, smoothing
wrinkled brows of care;
Then to me there comes a vision of the days that
are no more,
When a happy child I wandered by Kenoza's
wooded shore.

Then I had a brother who would fly my kites and
sail my boats,
Who made whistles from the willow, taught me
how to catch the notes
Of the bobolink and blackbird, where to find the
bluejay's nest;
Where the flowers bloomed the fairest, and the
berries were the best,
And at eve, when work was over, underneath the
maple-tree,
Which my brother's hand had planted, would he
take me on his knee.

Far out there beyond the pine-trees, where you
see yon setting sun,
Oft we watched the gleaming campfires of the
boys of sixty-one;
But one night he seemed more thoughtful than it
was his wont to be
And he drew me closer to him as I sat upon his
knee—

Neither spoke. I watched the moonbeams
through the maple branches creep
Till upon my brother's bosom I had fallen fast
asleep.

While I slept the campfires faded, and my brother
—he was gone;
And my mother gently soothed me as I wept that
morrow's morn.

Years have fled, my brother sleeps, and still the
maple by the door
Holds for me the same dark shadows as upon that
night it wore.
And my mother tells a story, as I sit beside her
knee;
Of a soldier boy in glory who is watching over me.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

FAIR dreamer of life,
In your hands you are holding
The sealed book of Fate, may its pages be fair
And day after day
As its leaves are unfolding
May it never bear record of sorrow or care.

IT MAY HAVE BEEN I LOVED TOO WELL

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

It may have been I loved too well
That little child with deep-blue eyes.
Who knows the mystery that lies
Beyond the gates of Paradise?

It may have been I loved too well
That child with tangled locks of gold,
Whose fairy life had all been told
Ere she was passing seven years old.

It may have been I loved too well—
At least that's what the neighbors said,
While bending o'er earth's lowly bed
I saw them put away my dead.

It may have been I loved too well,
But He who careth for His own,
Who knoweth every look and tone,
'Tis He who 'll judge each heart alone.
And it may be—but who shall tell
A mother that she 's loved too well?

LINES WRITTEN ON THE PLANTING OF A CEN-
TENNIAL TREE IN PLAISTOW, N. H.¹⁵

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

LET Freeman shout to-day!
A noble tribute pay
 To that brave band,
Who long, long years ago
Laid every tyrant low,
Caused peace and joy to flow
 O'er our fair land.

Swell loud each welcome note.
 High let the banners float
 On Freedom's day!
 Banners that still shall be
 Honored by all the free
 Far over land and sea,
 Ever and aye.

Here, on this sacred spot
 Where we shall be forgot,
 Long live this tree;
 Long may its branches wave
 A dirge to those who gave
 Life for the silent grave
 And Liberty.

THE DEDICATION OF THE FLAG¹⁶

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

THE old church-bell of childhood days,
I've always loved to hear,
Has sounded forth the "Welcome Home!"
To friends, both far and near.

The ladies of the V. I. S.
In such an urgent way,
Have asked for all who love this town
To meet them here to-day.

So I have thrown my work aside,
And hastened back again
To olden scenes,—but all is changed,
I scarce know how or when.

As through the little village streets
I wander up and down,
I find I am a stranger in
My own dear native town.

The loving friends I used to know,
In those dear days of yore,
Are gone—and few remember me
Of District Number Four.

The spot where we were wont to play
At game of bat and ball,
The town-house of the olden days,
That looked so quaint and small,

Have vanished, and instead we see
A hall, both great and grand,
That holds to-day of young and old
The proudest in the land.

For one of our own Plaistow boys,
With love of country rare,
Has given us the Stars and Stripes
To float o'er Pollard Square.

Then fling the banner to the breeze
And join us, all who may,
For we belong to old Plaistow
And this, her gala day.

And while the band plays "Home, Sweet
Home"

The sun comes smiling down;
We'll give three cheers for the dear old flag
And three for our native town.

And when the village bell rings in
The one day of the free
Be sure you float the Stars and Stripes,
Emblem of liberty.

And when another year shall bring
The saddest day of all—
In memory of the boys in blue
Who answered duty's call,

Half-mast the flag shall droop and sway,
And muffled drums shall beat,
As first a handful of brave men
Came marching up the street,

Their comrades' graves to strew with flowers
On Decoration-day.

A prayer, a tear,—then raise the flag
To cheer their homeward way.

Remember that our country's flag
Is all that 's good and true,
And wheresoe'er your feet may stray
It watches over you.

And now, dear friends, I 'll say good-bye,
The hour is drawing near
When I must leave these olden scenes,
To memory ever dear.

And when I answer to the call
To lay my burdens down,
May heaven's blessings rest upon
My own dear native town.

THE OLD PEASLEE GARRISON-HOUSE"

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

WHEN arbutus buds and flowers
Wake the train of summer hours,
Then I love to take the river path that leads on to
the sea,
Past the old house drear and lonely,
Built by loving hearts that only
Sought to save from redmen's vengeance,
Life and Home and Liberty,
As the mother rocked the cradle with a flintlock
by her knee.

In the days so filled with danger
Home it was to friend and stranger,
As they knelt here by its altar, breathed the prayer

“Thy will be done!”

’T is a monument of duty,
In its weird and ancient beauty,
Nor Time nor change can dim the
Fame this olden house has won;
As a shield it stood ’twixt life and death, the
Peaslee Garrison.

Strange what startling fancies center
’Round the old home as I enter,
When I hear the hinges grating as the door
swings to and fro.
On the hearth no fire is burning,
Sad the lesson I am learning,
As I watch the sunbeams dancing
On the ceiling quaint and low,
And my heart beats to the measure of dear ones
long ago.

I have ever loved the story
Of the old house wreathed in glory,
The Peaslee Garrison that sheltered the dear, brave
 hearts of old ;
With its stained roof bending lowly,
With its gray walls crumbling slowly,
And its secret cavern hidden as a miser hides
 his gold,
With its silence still unbroken and its tragic tales
 untold.

WRITTEN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

APRIL IN THE COUNTRY

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

MERRILY now the dear robin is singing
Up in the apple-tree, over the way;
Under our feet the green grasses are springing,
Weaving a rug for the fair month of May—
April, so fickle, now smiles through a tear,
And bids us good-bye for another long year.

Down by the brook the dear froggies are peeping,
List, little ones, and now hear what they say:
Wake up, sweet violet, while you were sleeping
Winter took wings, and has flown far away—
April, the fickle, the smiling, the teary,
Has left a spring garment for you that is cheery.

Hark! thro' the pines the South wind is singing
Nature's sweet lullabys, plaintive and low,
Songs of the wild birds to all it is bringing—
Breath of the woodlands where wildflowers grow.
April—so fickle, so cloudy; but then
After a moment she 's smiling again.

Up thro' the lane comes my boy with a whistle
Made from a twig of the old willow-tree.
His heart is as "light as the down of a thistle,"
As gayly he blows its shrill notes to me.
April, so fickle, and showery each day,
You've crowned with bright flowers the fair
Queen of the May.

LITTLE BROWN BETSEY

MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

“BROWN BETSEY” lives under the stairs, so they say,
You ’ve heard of her I am quite sure ;
A seller of peaches when neighbors sold pears,
A driver away of the dullest of cares ;
When peaches in plenty came in every day,
Then little Brown Betsey went hopping away.

I've something to tell you, 't is true as can be,
Dear little Brown Betsy 's been living with me;
Out in the old orchard, a-playing for hours,
A-climbing the apple-trees, picking wild flowers;
Her mud pies she made over there in the sun,
She sang and she danced till her cooking was done;
As brimful of mischief as zephyrs that strayed
To kiss the brown cheeks of my dear little maid;
When supper is over and tired of play,
Dear little Brown Betsey would hop far away.

One bright sunny morning she stood at the gate,
The clock on the town-house was just striking eight;
She looked very sad as she said o'er and o'er,
I'm going to school, I can't play any more;
Her dolls she had hidden out under the wall,
She had fastened her kitten up in the back hall;
Her hair she had plaited—she looked with surprise
When asked as to who 'd see to making mud pies.
I then stooped and kissed her. No more could I say,
As my little Brown Betsy went hopping away.

After that I soon noticed Brown Betsy looked tall,
She outgrew her dresses, her shoes were too small.
One day she was missing. Then who do you guess
Came courtesying to me in a very long dress—
I asked her some questions about dolls and mud pies.
She stood on her tiptoes and tried to look wise.
I called for Brown Betsy, asked Where can she be?
My lady came stealing her arms about me—
And said “Mother, darling, remember I pray,
Your little Brown Betsey, she’s hopped far away.”

I love my young lady who wears a long train,
But I wish I could see my Brown Betsy again
With her dolls and mud pies. O, so sad was the
day
When my little Brown Betsey hopped far, far
away.

ALICE AND THE BLUEBIRD

DID you see the bluebird, mamma,
 'Way up in the maple-tree?
Did you know that he 's been singing
 All the morning long to me?

Why! I always thought 't was winter
 When the ground was white with snow;
But, you see, I 've been mistaken,
 For the bluebirds surely know.

When I took my sled and mittens,
To go sliding in the lane;
Such a sweet song he was singing,
How the spring had come again.

So I just went in the garden,
Close beneath the window-sill,
When I pushed the snow off lightly—
Found this yellow daffodil.

O, mamma, it is not winter
When you hear the bluebird sing!
And the daffodils they blossom
Only in the early spring.

THE WILD ROSE

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

TINY little Wild Rose,
 Growing in the wood;
Seeming like a goddess
 Of the solitude,

Where the golden sunlight
 Peeps into your bed,
And the diamond raindrops
 Scatter on your head.

'Tisn't any wonder
That you look so sad,
Thinking little Alice
Must be very bad.

Taking you so sudden—
From your home away,
Never stopped to let you
Have one word to say.

Leaf by leaf you scatter
Down the grassy lane,
Till the golden center's
All that doth remain.

Darling little Alice
Musing, stands alone:
"Got this for my mamma,
Now 'tis all—*all* gone.

Wonder what's the matter—

Guess nobody knows—

Think some naughty fairy

Spoiled my sweet wild rose.”

FIFTY CENTS A DAY

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

MOTHER 's singing by-low to the baby now
And Johnnie 's got the dipper, going to milk the
cow ;

Marjorie 's got the scythe, and thinks she 's going
to mow ;

While father 's in the garden, seeing how things
grow.

But I am just so tired, I 'd rather think than play,
For I 've been in the meadow, helping make the
hay.

Raking up the scatterings every pleasant day,
Raking up the scatterings while they load the hay,
Raking up the scatterings when I want to play,
But father says I 'll save him fifty cents a day.

Over in the pasture berries getting blue,
I wish that I could eat them for an hour or two;
Over in the bean-patch woodchuck's got a hole,
I guess that I could reach him with a ten-foot pole;
Asked to go a-fishing only t' other day,
But father couldn't spare me, cause he's making
 hay.

Raking up the scatterings every pleasant day,
Raking up the scatterings while they load the hay,
Raking up the scatterings when I want to play,
But father says I'll save him fifty cents a day.

When the haying's over, won't we have the fun—
Marjorie, she'll take Johnny, and I'll take the
 gun.

We will shoot a squirrel, mother'll make a pie,
If I will mind the baby so she will not cry.
Rock-a-by-low baby, father he will say,
Rather rock the cradle than to rake the hay.
Rock-a-by-low baby all the livelong day,
Rock-a-by-low baby 'stead of raking hay,
Rock-a-by-low baby when I want to play,
But mother says she'll make me squirrel pie to-
 day.

SLIDING DOWN THE HILL

BY MRS. MARY PEASLEE GARDNER

O MERRY times we're having now,
As down the hill we go;
For there can be no merrier sport
Than bounding o'er the snow.
And oft we slide for many an hour,
We boys and girls, until
Our fingers ache—we almost cry
While sliding down the hill.

But when we see our teacher come,
 We gather round the door;
For well we know that for a time
 Our sliding must be o'er.
But soon completed are all tasks,
 Then with a right good will
We go together, boys and girls,
 A-sliding down the hill.

But soon 't will lose its charms for us,
 As years shall onward glide;
Yet, while it's pleasure, let us have
 Full many a happy slide.
And oft, yes oft, in years to come,
 Shall all remember still
When we together, boys and girls
 Went sliding down the hill.

THE ALBUM¹⁰

BY REUBEN PEASLEE

Oh, value it for friendship's sake,
 Its offerings are true.
Its silent converse will awake
 Remembrance sweet in you
Of friends who speak from every line,
 As voices from the dead,
And bid us hope for joys divine
 When all life's joys are fled.

Thou lovely power, Remembrance, wake—
Here is thy sacred fane,
Here prayers are breathed for thy dear sake,
And are not breathed in vain.
Then leave, O leave, a friendly line
To speak when you are not,
Of early friendship's love divine
That can not be forgot.

Such gifts, unlike the gems of cost,
Grow dearer with their age.
Nor can the blasting hand of time
Erase them from your page.
Here you may come in lonely hours,
Where friendship never dies,
And greet your friends from the sweet bowers
Of friendship's paradise.

OUR SABBATH-SCHOOLS

BY REUBEN PEASLEE

[Lines written for his little daughter, Ida, to recite at her Sunday-school celebration, Plaistow, N. H., about 1880.]

OUR Sabbath-schools, our Sabbath-schools,
How rich in heav'nly lore!
What wondrous hopes of bliss unfold
To last for evermore.

O, what a glorious work to train
The young immortal mind
Of youth in God and Wisdom's ways
With all the virtues twined

Into a bright, eternal wreath
To deck the Christian's brow,
Who live a life of holiness
And keep the sacred vow.

How happy, too, who early learn
Those Bible lessons well!
Which fit the young immortal soul
With saints and God to dwell.

Come join, dear friends, the noblest work
To mortals ever given,
To fit a lost and sinful world
For endless rest in heav'n.

We 'll welcome with open arms,
We 'll watch and pray for you,
We 'll guard and guide your infant steps
To all that 's good and true.

We 'll guide you on that heav'nly road
Which all the saints have trod,
'T will lead you to unending bliss,
To heaven and to God.

We want no gold nor priceless gems
For our instruction given.
We want your hearts in Zion's cause,
We want your sins forgiven.

DOUBT

BY MARSHALL B. PEASLEE

THE Master died, and in His grave
The Prince of Mercy lay ;
His life revived alone could save
The hapless sons of clay.
His followers awed by Death's grim face
Let fears their firm faith chill,
And one chose for especial grace
Felt even doubting still.

The Master raised him from the dead
His awed disciples knew
The halo round that sacred Head,
And felt His presence, too.
All knew but one—the doubter yet
The sacred soul denied,
Till seen the marks the thorns had set
And felt the wounded side.

Is 't strange that now in later days
That spirit still lives on,
And more will follow Thomas' ways
Than loyal, loving John?
What boots it us to labor long
To set a fear at rest,
When God's own Son found doubts among
The few that knew Him best.

We must have faith for through that word
Shall sceptic wanderings still,
Though our age to godless actions stirred
Prefers ofttimes the ill;

Yet still have faith, howe'er it seems
High actions are not lame.
A spark from God, where so it gleams,
Shall put all doubt to shame.

Thou mayst be one by Fate's decree
Whom Folly's sons deride,
Who still believe that can not see
Immanuel's bleeding side—
Keep thou that trust, O soul of mine,
Until that glorious day
When all shall know His Form Divine
And doubt shall pass away.

THE CASTLE IN SPAIN

BY MARSHALL B. PEASLEE

[An address to Uncle Sam, written for the Grange Paper shortly after the battle of Manila.]

DEAR UNCLE SAM, I understand
That now, puffed up with pride,
You mean to cross the ocean waste
And land the other side.
For glorious conquest in the way
And to avenge the *Maine*,
You mean to strike your enemies
In their sunny land of Spain.

I 'm with you, Sam, until the last
Of the blood that 's in my breast.
But ere you go, O hear to me,
I have a slight request
That you may grant and leave upon
Your honor, not a stain;
Don't spoil my pretty castle, Sam,
My castle in Old Spain.

I 've held it long, through good and ill,
Alternate hopes and fears;
I 've smiled to see those lofty towers,
I 've washed them with my tears.
Of boyhood's dreams but few are left,
But this will aye remain,
I love that castle; 't is the best
In all the land of Spain.

And some who helped to build it up
Have long since passed away;
And some from me are now estranged;
My hair is turning gray.—

You 'll know it when you see it, Sam,
It shines in sun or rain
And orange groves encompass it—
My castle in Old Spain.

Dear Uncle Sam, your thund'ring guns
When you your flag unfurl,
Will spoil the only thing I have
To give my little girl.
I 'll fight for you till blood's last drop
From this seared heart shall drain;
But do n't, dear Uncle Sam, do n't spoil
My castle there in Spain.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

BY MARSHALL B. PEASLEE

YEARS, years ago when time was young,
Ere yet the age grew dull,
A lady lived whose praises rung
As all 't was beautiful,
A kindly heart she had, withal,
With gen'rous gifts elate;
Her smile fast held the strong in thrall;
Her frown subdued the great.
And one there was, beneath her far
As earth beneath the sky
Whose reason with his heart at war,
Caused him, reluctant, fly

And far beneath the Southern cross,
While mad'ning mem'ries throng,
To her, broad ocean's depth across,
He poured his soul in song :

“When odors of the Southern breeze
Perfume the ev'ning air,
And song-birds in the lofty trees
Make music heav'nly rare,
Climatic charms come stealing from
The whole horizon blue,—
All these my ungrateful heart ignores—
Remem'bring only you.

“When night with sable wings has thrown
Her mantle o'er the earth,
New dreams of bliss, before unknown,
In my rapt mind have birth.
Time was, to me, when palaces
Were wont, unbidden, rise
And heights of grandeur, scaled with ease,
Met my undazzled eyes ;

But happier now, e'en while asleep,
My heart beats always true,
It is enchanted ground I tread,
I dream of only you.

“When night her course has fully run
And freshened nature wakes,
And o'er the fragrant woods the sun
His course, majestic, takes
I wake from dreams that happy gods
Might envy, were they true,
And find, that waking, as asleep,
I dream of only you.

“Still dreams must all my comfort be;
Be it mine to hide my heart,
Though I know confession, full and free,
Had been the manly part.
I could not bear to feel your scorn,
The boldest he, that quells;
I'll school my heart of hope that's shorne—
It breaks—but never tells.”

He closed his song and lived his life;

Forgotten is his name,

And buried is his bosom's strife,

And gone his life of pain.

She never dreamed, in humble breast,

There beat a heart of gold,

That doted on her loveliness,

That broke and never told.

ODE TO DANIEL WEBSTER¹⁹

BY REV. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD

O FAIR New Hampshire's noblest son,
The mighty, glorious, and great,
Most cherished of thy native State,
The immortal and the godlike one !

To thee we rear the modest token
Of love and gratitude and praise,
And offer speech and song and lays;
But speak and sing in accents broken.

We praise thee for thy strong right arm,
On which the Nation leaned secure;
Thy heart so tender, fond, and pure,
That loved her with a love so warm;

And for thy tongue so eloquent,
And full of sweetest melody,
Whose tones rang out from sea to sea,
Enrapturing a continent.

Thy hand Columbia's lyre swept o'er,
And made all jarring notes agree;
Awoke the strains of liberty
And unity for evermore.

What though thy body's by the sea,
Beneath the Pilgrim's hallowed hill,
Thou ever livest, livest still,
Ensined in gratewful memory.

Within thine arms the Nation lies;
Thy mighty heart-throbs yet she feels;
And as of old thy music peals
Throughout the land, along the skies.

Descend, ascend, ye cherubim,
Upon the ladder of his glory,
And bear aloft to God the story,
Our thanksgiving for the gift of him—

Him! him! Columbia's greatest son,
The mighty, glorious, and grand,
Most cherished of his native land,—
The godlike and immortal one!

A LONG BETROTHMENT

BY REV. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD

IT was a score of years ago
 She gave me heart and hand,
And made me then of all the men
 The gladdest in the land.

We have been lovers ever since,
 With hearts as true as steel;
Our wedding-day is on its way—
 O for its bells to peal!

A long betrothment? Yes, and yet
It thrice as long may be.
The hand she gave is in the grave
Somewhere she waits for me!

JUNE

BY REV. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD

Out on that ocean whose billows are roses,
While robins, blithe sailors, are piping their
tune,
Along down the sunbeams, while angels stand
watching,
God lannches from heaven the fair ship of
June.

BLOODY JOE'S EASTER CELEBRATION

BY REV. WM. CAREY SHEPPARD

EVER heard of Bloody Joe—
Northwest terror years ago?
Long of hair an' big of frame,
Hot of blood an' sure of aim;
Git a grudge agin a soul,
Bore through him a bullet hole.

Wunst a parson come to town,
Preachin' in a long, white gown;
Held his meetin's in a hall
'Bove the place whar Sammy Small
Sold the boys his liquid fire.
'Nough to make one a "live wire."

Joe sez nex' day, with a sneer,
"Do n't want no sky-pilots here;"

Also sez—I 'd best not tell
(The last word, howe'er, was "hell.")
An' resolved he 'd drive from town
That thar priest in his white gown.

"Wa-hoo!" shouted Joe one day,
"Parson 's comin', so ther say,
T'morrer 's Sunday, and he 'll preach,
(Then Joe gave another screech);
Goin' ter meetin' with my gun—
Watch out, boys, ye 'll see some fun."

"Do n't intend to kill him though,"
To his cronies muttered Joe;
"'Taint wuth while to lay him 'flat—
I like bigger game 'n that.
Just to skeer him—that enough;
Make him scamper—that 's the stuff."

Sunday come. 'T was Easter, when
Hope lights up the hearts of men.
Songs, an' flowers, an' bunnets gay
Make of it a right smart day;

But in that thar camp of vice
Easter did n't cut much ice.

Sunday come. The preacher stood
On the platform, rough an' rude—
Stood thar in his long white gown
Tryin' to convart the town.
Nigh a hundred was on hand
Fer the fun that Joe had planned.

In the middle of the speech
In swung Joe with warlike screech,
Flourishin' his gun on high
Very devil in his eye
“Parson, guess your sermon 's done,”
So he cried. “Bang!” went his gun.

Now, the preacher when he come
Fetched a crucifix from home,
Hung it on the wall in sight,
Jest a lettle to his right,
Picterin' the mighty love
Of the God who lives above.

“Bang!” Off went the gun. The cross—
How it seemed ter writhe and toss!
Then it dropped,—laid on the floor
Like a wreck along the shore;
Fer Joe’s wild an’ random lead
Struck, ye see, the thorn-crowned head.

Thar was silence fer a space—
White ’s a spook the preacher’s face.
But he stood up like a man
(Would n’t blamed him if he ’d ran),
Looked down at the crucifix,
Layin’ thar, a heap of sticks.

Then he looked at Bloody Joe,
Who was tremblin’ top ter toe;
Looked him right squar’ in the eye
With both hands a-raised on high;
Pumped his lungs plum full and roared,
“You have shot the blessed Lord!”

Joe turned purty quick and skipped,
Not a blarsted word he yipped;

An' the preacher went right back,
Shuffled once again his pack,
Spoke his sermon to the end—
He 'd made every man his friend.

That same day the parson put
Down the valley to Joe's hut;
Found him meek as any lamb,
Ate with him of eggs and ham.
Then he settled down to biz
An' Joe made some promises.

Now fer three whole years in all
Come the preacher to the hall.
Others follered, an' to-day
Stands a church acrost the way.
Such the changes that Time deals
Bloody Joe within it kneels.

THE FAITHFUL MOTHER'S PRAYER

BY MRS. ANNIE WILKISON PEASLEE

“FATHER in heaven above, to Thee I come,
In this mine hour of deepest grief and woe,
And lift my humble voice in prayer to Thee,
Who all the secrets of my being know.
My sorely stricken spirit turns to Thee,
My guide, my light, on all my darkened way,
As turns the river, flowing to the sea,
Its source of life, its home wherein to stay,
Till called again to bless creation's grand array.

“Thou, who didst give to me a love supreme,
For all the grandeur of Thy works, sublime,
The hill, the mountain, vale and running stream,
And wonders greater far revealed by time,
And liberty of soul, O, Father, mine,
And this, the dearest gift of all to me,
To think, and act, and will, O gift divine!
And dream of heaven and perfect rest in Thee,
When, from this care-worn life, in death
I ’m free.

“I do not ask for fame, tho’ that were dear,
Nor for long life, tho’ that indeed, were sweet,
Nor yet for death, tho’ sweeter far, if near
To me, who here can nought but sorrow meet;
But one there is that ’s bound—O, Father;
bound,
That ’s dearer far than life or light to me;
O, let, I pray, Thy mercies him surround,
And set, O set, his bondaged spirit free;
O, give him life of soul, sweet life, and liberty.

“ Lord, grant me this, and I will strive to bear

 Whatever else, in mercy Thou dost send,
And faith to feel that Thou wilt answer prayer,
 And save, and keep, the fallen to the end.”

Thus prayed the mother for th’ inebriate son.

 O, bright her earnest prayer in heaven doth
 shine !

For, now, on Zion’s hill, a stand he ’s won,

 Proclaiming to the world Christ’s love divine,
And giving all his strength to quell the demon,
 Wine.

O, mothers of the hour, ’t is wise, ’t is just,

 While boldly stalks the demon through the
 land,

That ye, who hold young souls in sacred trust,

 Should wield this power, this mighty magic
 wand ;

For tho’ you never stand in Congress halls,

 Nor, with your voices, sway the great debate,
Yet, still on you a wondrous duty falls,

 A force, by which to guide the Ship of State.

Then, rouse ye to the work before it is too late !

The keeping of young souls in trust—O God!

Alone, we shrink from this; with Thee, 'tis
bliss.

Thou makest of "earth the foolish things,"
Thy rod,

To work Thine ends for good, as now in this.
Then, like this faithful mother, we would come,
And lift up fervent hearts and hands to Thee,
To crush the demon Wine, his offspring, Rum,
And from this blighting curse our country free.
O, give her sons, in thrall, the sweets of lib-
erty!

MY PICTURE

BY MRS. ANNIE WILKISON PEASLEE

I 've gazed upon wonderful paintings
And pictures, so lovely and rare,
But a little one hangs in my chamber,
And nothing with it can compare.

Tho' not for its wonderful blending
In color, in art, or design,
Do I prize it, and hold it far dearer,
Than aught of the world that is mine.

For 't is naught but a bit of rude paste-board,
All penciled with scarcely a plan—
But the little one said when he made it,
“See, mamma! I 've made you a man.”

And as oft as I gaze on that picture,
I think of the wonderful joy
I then felt, as I pressed to my bosom
My darling pet rogue of a boy,

And praised up his dear little efforts,
And told him I thought he would be
As great as the wonderful artists,
That dwell afar o'er the deep sea,

But the visions of hope and of glory
Have vanished, and left me no joy;
For I miss from my fireside, daily,
My darling, my own precious boy.

And a quiet now reigns in the household,
A stillness throughout the whole day;
For the little one, always so restless,
Now mingleth soft with the clay.

And at night, as I sit in my chamber,
So lonely, and wretched, and sad,
And try to think over the mercies,
And wonderful blessings I 've had,

A spirit rebellious comes o'er me—
For I can not see how it can be,
When there 's so many waifs on life's ocean,
That he must be taken from me.

But, then, as I think of the pathway,
So slipp'ry and steep, and the snares,
That the dear little feet must pass over,
In climbing life's wonderful stairs,

I kneel by the bed-side, submissive,
And dream of his quiet and rest,
And praise the dear Father in heaven,
And feel that He truly knows best.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH

BY EDWARD S. PEASLEE

'T IS Sabbath morn. The village bells have length-
ened summons rung,
Delightful to the heart devout as songs by angels
sung;
And worldly hearts, perchance, may feel some
softened sense of care
As incense-like the mellow notes float on the
silent air.

Arrayed in careful garb, at length a varied throng
outpour
From mansion of the village lord and cottage of
the poor;

And slow approach with sober step the sacred
door swung wide,
And enter with the silence of a river's gentle
tide.

The young, in merry mood, perchance, still loiter
by the door,
The elders find the pews they've loved there
twenty years or more;
But few within its walls forget decorum's strin-
gent law,
But move its hallowed aisles along in unfeigned
pious awe.

Here sable sorrow seeks for strength the flood of
grief to stem,
For still they joy who touch in faith His gar-
ment's azure hem;

And fashion, too, comes in anon, self-centered,
strong, and bold,
And some are here, though reason why, perhaps,
could not be told.

The service pens. Lengthened prayer breaks up
the hushed suspense;
The stewards tiptoe down the aisles for doubtful
recompense;
The sermon, slow and cold at first, soon glows
with godly zeal;
The deacons give a double weight to each well-
sped appeal.

Then follows feast; than all the rest, to Christian
heart more dear,
Whereon e'en worldlings scarce may gaze without
the rising tear;

A kindly invitation all receive who own His
Word

To come and taste in humble faith the substance
of their Lord.

Slight hesitation yields to love; forth pass the
pious throng,

While sweet as angels' morning chant ascends the
solemn song;

Around the altar hushed as night in humble form
they kneel,

And sipping of the sacred cup their hearts grow
warm and leal.

Again repeated, all at length the broken bread
partake,

In draught of consecrated cup, devotion's thirst
they slake;

The pews replenish—silence fills the praise impreg-
nate air,
As if the mute assembly felt the Holy Presence
there.

But who in modest mien and garb, grim, aged,
black, and poor,
Sits where the roguish oft have held their feast of
fun obscure?
Bowed down with years, yet just her age the old-
est can not say,
For, as a full half century the same she looks
to-day.

But this who doubts that sees her swayed by
sermon, song, and prayer:
Blest are the aged limbs that aye faith's fadeless
mantle wear,

Blest are the feet, howe'er infirm, that tread the
path of truth,
And passing eagle gaze to scan hope's boundless
fields of youth?

Adown the aisle with steady step, unswayed by
servile fear,
She seeks the second table of the loved One of
Judea;
Yet not a lonely guest she kneels beside the altar
stair,
None hear her heartfelt song of praise but feel
her Lord is there.

O Christian type! no worldly show adorns her
aged form,
But Christian love from welling heart forth gushes
full and warm;

No circumspection strains her act, no art directs
her word,
Self-thoughtless as the Syrian babes she glorifies
her Lord.

We may not know what motive led the mass to
church to-day,
Or was it pleasure, pride, or praise, or habit's
potent sway ;
We may not know what hearts there beat in unison
with prayer,
Nor which of all the needy souls found manna
fallen there.

We may not know if some there felt the pangs of
fear or shame,
On whom descended, as of old, the pentecostal
flame ;

We may not know, decorum's mask hides many a
wayward thought,
And smiles that mark no inward grace may seem
divinely wrought.

But when the parting multitude their various ways
return,
Who doubts that in one heart at least faith's spices
sweetly burn;
Or that her cabin rude and lone the splendor holds
of noon,
And glows with sunny genial warmth that shames
the glow of June?

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

BY EDWARD S. PEASLEE

WHEN ruthless duty presses hard, and life is
fraught with ills,
I haste me to my boyhood home among the Essex
hills,
I hear again the song of birds in old ancestral
trees,
And mellow low of distant kine borne on the
balmy breeze.

The hills look down with welcome gaze, the church,
too, at their base,
Whose heaven stretched arm and face serene were
silent means of grace ;

The orchard blossoms scent the air, old scenes delight the eye,
And over all in tender love low stoops the summer sky.

The brook that bathes my father's farm, the mill-dam's distant roar,
The lake and its alluring boats, the miller's busy door,
The river's marge I helped to mow, the hay-cart's spreading frame,
The sultry hay-mow's dizzy loft that types the heights of fame,—

How rapid memory calls them back! My heart is pressed with joy,
For depths of rapture now I feel, I felt not when a boy,

And memory keeps the twin graves fresh, though
twenty years have flown,
And culls with tender touch the pinks the hand
of love has sown.

O brook that bounds my father's farm, though
years and miles from thee,
More sweet than when a romping boy, thy song
still comes to me!
O bridge that spans the sylvan stream, my mother's
love and mine,
O'er thee on fancy's foot I pass the stream of
"Auld Lang Syne!"

O rustic road and shady path where oft I loved to
stray,
More plain to me thy windings are than those I
tread to-day!

For then I lived with thee alone ; my brothers were
the trees,
The brooks and birds and grassy slopes, the sun-
light and the breeze.

Though other hands now till the soil, the same dear
forms I see—
Parental voices greet my ear and old time child-
ish glee ;
Still follow the meandering path the cows I called
my own,
The petted kitten naps and wakes upon the old
hearthstone.

Still lives the horse that patient drudged the long-
est summer-day,
Yet showed the pride of gentle blood upon the
broad highway ;

And oft I hear the yeomen round in careless posture ranged,
Lament the sturdy days of old for later times exchanged.

Deprive me, Fortune, if thou wilt, of every other joy,
But ofttimes let me tread the paths that knew me when a boy;
Let memory give the burdened heart repose from present care,
And seek the sunny land of youth, its meadows fresh and fair.

NOTES

NOTE 1, p. 15.—Frederick Gano Hunt, the young man to whom reference is made in this poem, is the son of the late Col. William L. Hunt of this city, and, on his mother's side, a descendant of General John S. Gano, one of the first thirty-three settlers of Cincinnati, and a general in the War of 1812. Fred. is a cousin of the late Mrs. Peaslee.

NOTE 2, p. 19.—The writing of these verses was suggested by reading the following statement of General Benjamin Harrison when President: "The American Flag should wave from every school-house in the land." The prose introduction and the verses are intended for a school declamation. It is suggested that a pupil recite the introduction and the first and second stanzas, and that the entire class recite the last stanza.

This piece was set to music by Mr. W. T. Porter, attorney-at-law, of this city, and published by White-Smith Music Publishing Company, of Boston, New York, and Chicago; afterwards, by Prof. John A. Yoakley, of this city, and published in sheet form by George B. Jennings Company, of Cincinnati; and later by Prof. Joseph Surdo, one of the music teachers in the public schools of this city, and published by

the Groene Music Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, and was sung, Prof. Surdo directing, by 3,000 public-school children at the National German Saengerfest, held in Cincinnati, July 1st, 1899.

NOTE 3, p. 21.—“The Heroes Who Rest” was written to the tune of Portuguese Hymn, in the National Military Cemetery, Chattanooga, Tenn., was set to a new tune by Mr. W. T. Porter, and published by the White-Smith Publishing Company. On Decoration-day, 1896, it was sung in Cincinnati Music Hall by fifteen hundred school children.

NOTE 4, p. 23.—Mr. Adolph Strauch, in his time one of the greatest landscape gardeners in America, was for many years Superintendent of Spring Grove Cemetery. He originated the “park plan” for cemeteries and made Spring Grove the first park cemetery of the world. To his skill Clifton, Eden Park, and other places in and about Cincinnati, owe much of their present beauty. Besides, his influence was felt in all parts of this, and in other countries.

In the Spring of 1883, Dr. Adolph Leue and myself went to Spring Grove to invite Mr. Strauch to meet us on the following Saturday in “Author’s Grove,” in Eden Park, in order to show us where a few more trees should be planted to give the best landscape effect. [Authors’ Grove contains about six acres in forest trees planted and dedicated to American authors by the public-school children of Cincinnati, each school its special group, under my direction as Superintendent of Schools, at the tree-planting festival on Ohio’s first Arbor-day, April 27th, 1882.]

Mr. Strauch agreed to meet us, but before the appointed time he was stricken with apoplexy that resulted in his death.

At that interview Mr. Strauch asked me to write a magazine article giving an account of his trials and experiences during the first years of his superintendency of Spring Grove. He stated that as soon as he began, in 1854, to take away the iron fences that surrounded many of the lots, and to remove some of the graves in order to form artificial lakes and to otherwise beautify the grounds after the "park plan," as he called it, the Cincinnati papers violently attacked him, and that he received a number of letters threatening his life. He also stated that he had kept the letters and copies of the papers and would turn them over to me at the meeting in Author's Grove. I agreed to prepare the article but his unfortunate sickness and death frustrated our plans, and the article was never written, but in part fulfillment of that promise these verses were written. At this meeting Mr. Strauch translated for Dr. Leue and myself that part of the report of the French Commissioners appointed by the French Government to visit and report upon all the important parks and cemeteries of the world, which related to Spring Grove. In this report the French Commissioners gave Spring Grove the preference over all other cemeteries. This justifies the line, "The most beautiful of Earth."

May I hope that these simple verses may serve in some degree to keep in grateful remembrance the

distinguished services which Mr. Strauch rendered his city and country. In my opinion, the names of Adolph Strauch and Col. George Ward Nichols, men who have done so much to refine and elevate our people, should be held in as much esteem and be named in the same category with those of Woodward, Hughes, McMicken, Springer, Sinton, West, Longworth, Probasco, Hanna, Groesbeck, Schmidlapp, Brown, Kilgour, Thoms, Cunningham, Van Bibber, Procter, and other great souled personages who have given of their wealth to advance the interests of Cincinnati.

NOTE 5, p. 26.—Just after the death of Hon. Charles Reemelin, who was a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of Ohio, and to whose sagacity and remarkable knowledge of governments the Ohio Constitution owes many of its most important provisions, I wrote and published "In Memoriam," a poem on Mr. Reemelin. These verses given here are not mine, except in sentiment and statement of facts. Mr. Alfred F. Hoffmann, of this city, re-wrote my verses in a different meter, and his words are published here.

NOTE 6, p. 28.—In 1897, I think it was, Mr. David H. Lyon, a member of Hanselmann Commandery of Knights Templars, of which I was at the time Prelate, and a friend of mine, and also Mr. Julius P. Carpenter, a member of Covington Commandery, were struck unawares by a railroad train and killed instantly. Upon reading the account of the terrible accident, whereby the lives of two excellent men

were lost, I wrote these lines on the border of the newspaper containing the account.

NOTE 7, p. 30.—In explanation of these lines I have to say that one of the daily papers of this city offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best design for a flag or banner for Cincinnati, and a committee of prominent citizens was appointed to decide to whom the prize should be awarded. At the first meeting the committee, after having examined all the designs sent in, adjourned without coming to a final decision, but after a few days it met again and made its award. In the meantime opposition to the city's adopting a special flag or banner was made by those who thought "Old Glory" was sufficient for all purposes. The excitement ran high for a few days and all the daily papers took a lively part in the discussion. These verses were written for one of the papers that opposed the new banner, but were withdrawn from publication out of fear that the designer might not take them in the spirit of pleasantry in which they were intended. They are now given to the public for the first time. Of course, I disclaim any intention of casting reflection upon the design which is indeed very beautiful, and which reflects great credit upon the designer.

In reference to the peculiar use of the letter "a" with a participle, see Webster.

NOTE 8, p. 32.—These verses, entitled "In Memoriam," were written at the grave in Spring Grove Cemetery on the first anniversary of the death of my dearly beloved wife, Mrs. Lou Wright Peaslee, daughter of

Hon. Joseph F. Wright and Mary Gano Wright. Mrs. Peaslee died July 18th, 1894.

NOTE 9, p. 39.—This sacred song, "The Precious Mine," was written at the request of Dr. E. Trumbull Lee, former pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, and sung by choir and congregation at the close of a series of Sunday evening lectures in which the doctor made use, symbolically, of the different terms and operations employed in reference to mines and mining.

Let me say here that the first hymn in this book, "Converted to Jesus," was written for, and sung on, the occasion of my baptism and admission to membership in the Mt. Auburn Presbyterian Church, of this city, in April, 1894. It was written to tune of "Portuguese Hymn," but a new tune has since been set to the words by George C. Kersey, of Kentucky, and published by the John Church Company, Cincinnati, New York, and Chicago, in a Sunday-school book entitled "Uplifting Songs." This was my first attempt in writing verse.

NOTE 10, p. 41.—"The Christian's Hope" was written July 18th, 1896, the second anniversary of the death of my wife, and was addressed to her, but I afterwards changed it to a hymn. The piece was set to music by Prof. George C. Kersey, but so far as I know, it has never been published. It was also set to music by Prof. Theodore Meyder, First German Assistant in the Public Schools of Cincinnati. This hymn and "The Precious Mine" were sung at the Ordination of Elders in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Clifton,

Cincinnati, November 22nd, 1896, having been selected for the occasion by Dr. Norton of the University of Cincinnati.

NOTE 11, p. 43.—One Sunday evening, after the Church services, Dr. E. Trumbull Lee handed me a leaflet containing the titles of six Sunday evening lectures to be given on subjects taken from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and said: "Here are the subjects of my lectures. I want you to write a hymn on any one of them you may select, to be sung at the close of the series." I selected "Christian" as my subject and wrote the words to the tune "Seeking for Me," by Bliss, and entitled the piece "Mansions Above." It was printed by Dr. Lee in the Church *Bulletin*, and sung by choir and congregation. Desiring to make the words general in their application, so as to apply to all Christians, I re-wrote them and produced the next hymn in this book, entitled "Beautiful Shore." This latter poem was set to music by Mr. W. T. Porter and published in sheet form by the George B. Jennings Co., Cincinnati, O. Prof. Theodore Meyder also wrote music for the words, but it was never published.

NOTE 12, p. 53.—After listening to a sermon in Christie Chapel (Methodist) on the text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," the manufacturer, Mr. James M. Robinson, at the time a member with me of the Board of Directors of the University of Cincinnati, said: "Mr. Peaslee, I think the words of the text to-night, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' would make a fine subject for a hymn or Sun-

day-school song. I wish you would see what you can do." On returning home that Sunday evening, I immediately sat down and wrote these verses, following as near as possible the words of Scripture. This piece and the following pieces, "The Christian's Faith," "Precious Words," "In Thine Own Way," and "We Reap as We Sow," are published for the first time in this volume. A few of my friends have manuscript copies, but that is all that has ever been done with them.

NOTE 13, p. 57.—"The Gates Ajar" was suggested by a line in the poem of my sister Mary, published here, entitled "Down by the Bars." Both "The Gates Ajar" and "Down by the Bars" have been set to music by Prof. John A. Yoakley, and published in sheet form by George B. Jennings Company. Mr. W. T. Porter also wrote music to "The Gates Ajar."

NOTE 14, p. 107.—Kenoza Lake, to which reference is here made, is located near the city of Haverhill, Mass., and not far from the birthplace of the poet Whittier. It was formerly called "Great Pond," or "Pickerel Pond." At the time the name was changed a great celebration took place at which Whittier read a beautiful poem written by him expressly for the occasion.

NOTE 15, p. 113.—At this celebration my sister Ida was the orator of the day. "The oration was listened to with the closest attention, her eloquence and practical remarks meeting universal approval."

This "liberty tree," which has grown and flourished, and whose wide-spreading branches have given grateful shade, not only to the generation that

planted it, but to another generation, was dedicated to the women of 1975.

As a part of the dedicatory exercises a letter which is carefully preserved in the town safe with other town records, and which was written by Mrs. Gardner and signed by all the ladies who took part in the planting, was read.

The exercises were closed by singing the "Centennial Hymn," written by Mrs. Gardner to the music of "America," by the trio, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Anna Noyes, and Mrs. Thomas J. Nichols.

NOTE 16, p. 115.—"The Dedication of the Flag" was written for, and read by, the author, on the occasion of the acceptance and public dedication of a large silk flag and flag-pole, 125 feet high, presented to the Village Improvement Society of Plaistow, N. H., by Mr. Arthur G. Pollard, a native of the town, but now a wealthy merchant of Lowell, Mass. Mr. Pollard has made a number of valuable presents to his native town and has beautified the "Old Common," which is now called "Pollard's Square," in honor of Plaistow's greatest benefactor.

"Centennial Hymn" was written expressly for the celebration of the planting of a beautiful elm-tree in the "Old Common," now "Pollard's Square," June 17th, 1875, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, by the ladies of Plaistow who were members of the Village Improvement Society.

NOTE 17, p. 119.—This historical house was built in early colonial days by Joseph Peaslee, Jr., a physi-

cian and large landholder of Haverhill, Mass. The tablet placed on the old elm-tree to the left of the door at the time of the 250th anniversary (1890) of the settlement of Haverhill reads: "Garrison-House. Built of bricks brought from England by Joseph Peaslee, Jr., prior to 1690."

The house was constructed to serve as a private dwelling and as a fort to protect the early settlers against the Indians. To this house the people of Haverhill fled for shelter at the time Hannah Dustin was carried away by the Indians, and also during the French and Indian War. In it the great-grandmother of the poet Whittier, who was the daughter of Joseph Peaslee, Jr., spent her childhood and youth.

Joseph Peaslee, of whom Joseph, Jr., was the only son, the ancestor of the Peaslees of this country, came, with his wife, Mary, from England, and settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635. He, with Thomas Whittier, ancestor of the poet, laid out the town of Haverhill, and in 1645, removed to that place. In his religious convictions he differed from the doctrines of the Established Church, and was known as a "Come-outer. He began to preach before George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends (or Quakers as they are usually called) commenced to proclaim his doctrines. The General Court decreed that he should be fined five shillings every time he "exhorted the people;" and, also, he should be fined five shillings every time he failed to attend the Established Church. Soon after Fox began to preach Joseph Peaslee embraced his doctrines and became an enthusiastic follower of Fox.

In 1652 he and Thomas Marcy were arrested by order of the General Court for "exhorting on the Lord's Day" and deprived of their "rights as free-men," notwithstanding the fact that the "exhorting" took place in their own residences. Indeed, the first Quaker meetings in New England were held at the residence of Joseph Peaslee.

In the same year "Thomas Whittier," to whom reference has been made, though not a Quaker, "was among the petitioners to the General Court for the pardon of Robert Pike, who had been fined heavily for speaking against the order prohibiting the Quakers, Joseph Peaslee and Thomas Marcy, from exhorting on the Lord's Day. A committee of that body was appointed to wait upon the petitioners and command them to withdraw it or suffer the consequences. Some of them did retract; but two of the sixteen who refused were Thomas Whittier and Christopher Hussey, both of them ancestors of the poet. . . . His [Thomas Whittier's] youngest son, Joseph—through whom we trace the poet's lineage—married Mary Peaslee, granddaughter of Joseph Peaslee, the leading Quaker in town and one of the exhorters for whom Thomas Whittier asked in vain the clemency of the General Court forty-two years earlier."—*Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier, by Samuel Pickard.*

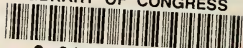
"In this alliance with the family of a well-known Quaker we recognize one of the influences which led the Whittiers to the New Communion."—*John Greenleaf Whittier: a Biography, by Francis H. Underwood.*

NOTE 18, p. 119.—These two pieces of father's are the

only poems of his that I have been able to obtain. They are by no means among the best of his poetical writings. When a young man he wrote quite extensively and kept for many years a book of manuscript poems which he intended to publish, but which was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire. Father received the personal congratulations of the poet Fitz Greene Halleck on a New Year's poem written for the benefit of the newsboys of New York, while a resident of the city.

NOTE 19, p. 150.—On the occasion of unveiling the statue of Daniel Webster in the State-house grounds, at Concord, N. H., Rev. Mr. Sheppard read this poem on invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, who had selected it as the best poem written for the occasion.

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